Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 230 205

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 24 MONTREAL, JUNE 10, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Adrift.

The picture that appears on this page has set me thinking. I don't know any more than you do how those two children got into their present plight; but I should say that it was in this way: They had often been out before, and the boy could manage a boat very nicely, only the boatman or some other 'grown-up' had always been there. For once comes the chance of a row without annoying oversight. The temptation is too great, and in a few minutes the couple are seated, the boy is pulling

'HOPE SPRINGS UP IN THEIR HEARTS.'

his best, and they are slipping through the harbor-mouth into the open sea. It is delightful at first, and they go farther than they intend. Then the boy tires a little, there is a strong current running the wrong way, he cannot fight against it, the shore is falling back farther and farther, and the two children find to their dismay that they are helpless and 'adrift' at sea. Helpless, did I say? Look! there is a boat coming. Hope springs up in their hearts, and, tying a handkerchief, to one of the oars, they make a flag of distress, and with eager faces and straining eyes wait for the coming of salvation.

Now, human life is like a sea, and each one of us has to make a voyage in a little boat. Our Father in Heaven, who knows all about the sea, would not have us go alone. He says: 'I will be with you. If you do what I say, you will not drift out of the right course, and when the storm comes I will give you all the help you need, and bring you to the desired haven.' But because our hearts are sinful we are not well pleased with this. We want to have our own way, to row the boat ourselves, to please ourselves rather than to please God. It may seem nice for a time to do so; but later on we find ourselves adrift, with our strength gone, and no hope. Ah! but the ship! Yes, thanks be to God; though we forget him, he does not forget us; and like the ship in the picture comes the mighty and forgiving love which Jesus brings to those who, by reason of sin, are 'without God and without hope in the world.'—'Christian Pictorial.'

The Wise Knight.

He was a good and noble King, who loved the right and hated evil. A great sorrow lay on his heart as he looked on many of his subjects and saw how they lived. He had spoken to them, and tried to make them better, but they soon forgot what he said.

'How can I make them to know?' he asked, half to himself, and half to the courtiers who were round him, as he looked from the palace gardens and the far-stretching plains beyond. 'I have given them good laws; I have protected their fields; they have had peace; but how many of them are living for themselves alone, and their eyes never go up to God! How can I make them understand?'

He was lost in reverie till some movement made him look down. And there, bending low before him, a figure knelt, covered and shrouded with gossamer gauze that floated dark but soft as a cloud about him. He was the Wise Knight, who had come from a foreign land; he loved the King, and was faithful to him, and the King knew him to be good and true.

'Speak,' said the King, looking kindly down, and the Knight lifted his face, so dark, but beautiful beyond the power of tongue to tell, and his eyes were like homes of pity.

'By the Shadow, my liege,' he said, 'by the Shadow.'

Then the King bade him stand, and they talked in low tones, looking out on the city and fields at times, and pointing here and there.

Then the Knight from the foreign land drew the filmy cloud of the dark gossamer round him till his face was hidden, and softly glided away.

But the King kept watch from the palace window.

It was a glorious day; the sun was scattering gold everywhere, and the soft breeze was kind. Men and women and little children, with work and play, were making the music to which the world rolls on.

And the Shadow moved among them: the Shadow of a cloud. It moved on and on, and nothing could keep it back. It stepped lightly over the loftiest walls; it went dry-footed all through the streams; it walked from top to top of the trees, yet never a leaf bent under its weight.

It fell on a man who had hate in his heart, and bit by bit the hate passed away, and a strange peace came.

It fell on a woman as the eye of a serpent was fixed upon her, and was drawing her closer and closer: and in the Shadow the jewelled eye grew dull: she saw the serpent and escaped.

It fell on a man who was gathering stones to add to the height of a great house he was building: and the house seemed strange with the Shadow on it, it looked like a tomb; and the man knelt and prayed a prayer he had forgotten for many a year.

It fell on a poor convict laboring in the field with a chain on his ankles, and he wiped his brow, his face grew beautiful, and he lifted his eyes to God.

So the Shadow passed from field to field, and house to house, and land to land, and wherever it fell there was chill and fear, but when

it was gone there came quiet and blessing and every fountain was made fresher, every flower was made fairer, every soul was made better for the touch of the Shadow.

Can you read the riddle?

The Knight is suffering: his King is God: his work is—Love.—'Children's Messenger.'

A Deputation Dream.

The Rev. John Gospeller was not given to dreams. Which is sure evidence that he must have been in an unusually excited state of mind when he retired to rest on one particular evening of last year.

What happened may be briefly told. He had been speaking at the missionary anniversary of a church in what would generally be reckoned a well-to-do suburb of London. Among the notices given out before his address was one to the effect that the 'loose cash' in the collection boxes would be devoted to the funds of the London Missionary Society. He had been away from England so long that he failed to grasp the meaning of the expression 'loose cash.' But the phrase jarred upon him. It suggested 'keep the change for yourself,' or the flinging of a few coppers to a beggar. On inquiring into the matter later in the day he discovered that it was customary on these occasions to give to the Missionary Society not the regular weekly offerings of the people, but only such additional sums as might be placed in the collection box. The church could not afford to give up, even for one week, its regular income. When he learnt further that in consequence of this system the total amount given to the Society as the result of the day's collection was something less than £3, the reverend gentleman's indignation got the better of him, and he spoke more strongly than was prudent.

Hence it was that he retired to rest in a somewhat troubled frame of mind. What followed can best be told in his own words, as he related the story at breakfast-table next morning:—

'I suppose I must have been dreaming,' he said; 'but the whole thing was so vivid that it is difficult for me even now to believe that it was only a dream. I was giving a missionary address at some large church, filled with a well-dressed and cultured congregation. After describing my work and the pressing need for extension and development, I was moved to do what I had never done before, and what I had certainly no intention of doing when I began my address. I asked the people to give as though they were putting the money, not into a collection-box passed round by deacons, but into "the hand of Christ himself.'

'Instead of sitting down I remained standing in the pulpit, watching the effect of my appeal upon the faces of the people. One or two faces bore a smile, half amused, half contemptuous. A portly business man in the middle of the centre aisle shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. I almost expected to see him rise from his seat and walk out. Some of the children looked up wonderingly into their mothers' faces, as if asking whether Jesus would really take the collection.

'And then—and then—but how can I describe what then I saw? At the back of the chapel stood the deacons with their collecting boxes. But they made no move toward the pews. At first I thought that my remarks must have offended them, and that they were refusing to take the collection. But then I saw, moving slowly along the pews at the back of the far aisle, a figure clothed in some soft, flowing robe.

'His face was turned from me, but my soul knew its Lord. A great hush fell upon the people, and, in the stillness, I could hear him saying, as he went from pew to pew: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring." The voice was low and tender, yet there was no sadness in it. It was the voice of one whose warfare is accomplished. As men heard it, they bowed their heads and covered their faces. The only faces I could see in all the building were those of the children here and there.

'As he passed from pew to pew, some kept their heads bowed and made no sign. Others placed their purses in his hand, turning away their faces. A little child looked trustfully in his eyes, holding out her penny, and saying: "Please take my penny, dear Lord Jesus." The Saviour stooped and kissed her on the forehead. In one of the pews a young fellow put his own hand into the outstretched hand of Jesus, whispering: "I give myself."

'So he passed along to the top of the aisle, and then, as he turned to go down the other side, I saw his face for the first time. Then I, too, fell on my knees and covered my face, crying in my heart: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." What happened as he went through the rest of the church I know not, nor how long the time was. When at length I uncovered my eyes, he was standing beside the Communion table, on which he had laid the gifts. A moment later he turned and looked upon the people, with their faces still hidden from him. Then, with upraised hands, he blessed us all: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And so he passed from us. And by and by I awoke—and lo! it was all a dream.'

Yet, was it all a dream?—'L.M.S. Chronicle.'

Ethel Raymond's Help.

'That's the fourth time I've been asked—"urged"—to lead the meeting, and I've refused every time,' and Ethel Raymond's lips quivered, as she laid her head on the soft, worn Bible in her dimly lighted room.

'It—it isn't because I'm not a Christian, or that I haven't interest in the work, but I just can't stand up before all those people and talk—I can't!'

A gentle tap, and Ethel lifted her tear-stained face, as her Aunt Rachel softly pushed open the door.

'All alone, dear?' asked the gentle voice. 'You've been—'

To sympathizing Aunt Rachel, Ethel brokenly told her trouble.

'And what will they think! I—I can't tell them the reason why I don't do it; I'm ashamed to. There's Mabel Welty and Esther Holman and May Downing and all the other girls! They lead splendidly, and make it ever so interesting. But my voice trembles, Aunt Rachel, even when I get up to testify. I never can say mor'n "I love Jesus; pray for me." '

'Have you ever asked God to help you; to give you strength for just such duties, Ethel?'

'I'm afraid not, auntie. It wouldn't do any good; I know I'd fail.'

'He never puts burdens upon us that are too heavy for his children to bear, and if he gives us a cross to carry he willingly stands ready to assist in bearing it.'

'Do—do you think with his help I could lead just once?' and Ethel's grieved face began to assume an expression of hope.

'Yes, child,' and Aunt Rachel quietly opened the little worn Bible, and read the Master's promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'And the "thee" means every one of his followers, Ethel—it means you.'

When Ethel was left in the twilight, she had resolved to accept her duty, for she realized she had found for this task what she had experienced under other difficulties, 'the help that never faileth.'—'Epworth Herald.'

The Postal Crusade in South Africa.

'The 'Northern Messengers' are reaching me week after week. I am quite glad to receive them. My chief work is here in Natal, and I distribute the 'Messengers' at railway stations, hotels, post-offices, schools and in other places. I have seen some of them reading the paper very interestedly.'

This message comes from the Rev. John Kangiah, a Telegu pastor in South Africa. He is the first missionary to be sent by the native Christians of India to Africa. During the late famine in India, a colony of Telegus emigrated to South Africa. They are employed there on the tea estate. Their chief employer is a gentleman who has received knighthood. He is exceedingly kind to these natives of India. In a former letter, Mr. Kangiah gave his name, but I, not having the letter to refer to, cannot give his name here. These Telegus in Africa wanted a pastor of their own nationality, so the Telegus of India sent Mr. Kangiah, and now he is helping the postal crusade in his new home, as well as being a missionary. He organized a church with 64 converted members at Christmas; fifteen have joined since that day. Writing of his work, Mr. Kangiah says:—

'The Telegu Christians are scattered through the country. I go from barrack to barrack and preach the gospel, and the people listen here with more solemnity than in India. There is a vast field here ready for harvest. Workers are needed. I request your earnest prayers.'

Twelve copies of the 'Messenger' go each week to Mr. Kangiah.

I would like to send the 'Witness' and the 'World Wide' if funds are donated.

Again, too, I want to ask you all if you will not rally round the leaflet, 'The Post-Office Crusade.'

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

112 Irvine ave., Westmount, Que.

Family Worship.

One of the saddest features of to-day in home life is the disuse to so large an extent of family worship. Years ago, it was a very uncommon thing to find a Christian home in which the family altar was not reared, and the morning and evening sacrifice daily offered thereon. Now the cases are many where there is no recognition of God in the united worship of the household, and very little positive religious influence of any kind. How parents professing to be Christian can disregard this most sacred and imperative duty we cannot understand. To plead the lack of time to attend to this duty is tantamount to saying that all our time should be given to our secular affairs, and none to God and to the interests of the soul. It requires but a few moments before or after the morning meal, and at the retiring hour at night to call the family together, and read a portion of God's Word, and lead their devotions in a brief prayer. To refuse to give a modicum of time to such exercises as these is to ignore all Christian and parental obligations.—'Baltimore Advocate.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Boating Adventure.

(C. L. Sanders, in 'Camden School Record.')

I was staying with some friends at a little seaport on the south coast, and had engaged a boat by the week, so that I could have it out whenever I pleased without depending on the owner, James Bury, a retired sea-salt, and one who, by the bye, could tell many a tale of adventurous smuggling carried on in the caves abounding on that part of the coast.

One night—it was in the summer of '79—I went out between 11 and 12 o'clock, and persuaded a friend, who was taking duty for a neighboring doctor, to accompany me, promising him for his pains a night of rare enjoyment. His curiosity was soon aroused, and, as I have said, he consented to become the partner of my boat. And a pleasing partner, too, a jolly fellow if ever there was one—lively and rather excitable. I only rejoice that I can claim the kindly thoughts of so good a companion; for, as the best fortune would have it, I drew him from the surf one day, when sinking, seized with cramp.

We were not long in launching our vessel; and just before midnight, on a calm sea, we started on our expedition, as noiselessly as a couple of Red Indians bent on plunder. Taking up a long, swift stroke, we were quickly out of the bright moonlight and under the shadow of the huge frowning cliffs; and rowing thus for about a mile we arrived off a little headland, where I had recently discovered a small-mouthed cave, invisible at high water, and at low water dangerous to approach on account of the many rocks lying about the entrance. Two of these were so large that I had been amazed on paddling my way between them (there was not room to row) to find the above-mentioned cave snugly hidden at the base of the cliff. The opening was only large enough to admit of my pulling the boat in by laying hold of the sides of the cave; but once inside it was roomy enough, and there was a small beach, which was easily gained by a little careful paddling between a few half-sunken rocks.

It was rather a dangerous place, as the abundance of submerged rock testified; and at one extremity of the beach was a large fissure in the rock extending downwards—apparently, not large enough to admit a human body, but showing a narrow winding passage, very suggestive of a smuggler's 'cache.' I felt a great desire to squeeze myself through the fissure and explore the passage beyond, but I was unequal to the task. Still there was a way out of the difficulty, had I cared to avail myself of it. The cave arched overhead for several feet, and just below its roof the fissure widened sufficiently to admit a boat. But I confess it, I feared the rising tide, which might deal unkindly with me, in a cave of which I knew absolutely nothing, and there was a weird, uncanny feeling about the place by moonlight; so guiding the boat carefully between the rocks and shallows, my friend and I contented ourselves with reflecting that we discovered a den of mystery, comparatively accessible, but completely hidden. So we, or rather I, took again to the oars, and pulling round the headland, had another smart row for three-quarters of a mile or so, when, easing off a kind of cove or recess in the cliffs, 'You shall have a royal salute,' said I; and, taking out one of the iron rowlocks, I hit the gunwale of the boat smartly three or four times. In a very few seconds there came back from the cliffs a remarkably distinct echo, clear, loud and prolonged. My friend started up in amazement, as well he might, for I had never heard such an echo anywhere. In the still midnight air it had a peculiarly solemn effect. The noise of my friend jumping up was echoed back so distinctly as to startle us both; it was so exactly like some one jumping into a boat under the cliffs. 'How long have you discovered this?' he asked. He spoke slowly, and the words came back with startling distinctness. I laughed outright and asked him to resume his former position in the boat. 'Will you kindly place your corporeal tabernacle in a recumbent position again?' came back from Mademoiselle Echo in the politest and most engaging speech! It was too comical! We both literally roared with laughter: the roars came rolling back to us. Then we got excited and gave vent to the wildest yells and exclamations—some of them possibly too personal—'What are you doing there?' 'Ah-h-h, I see you!' 'Go home!' 'Aren't you ashamed of it?' These and others were the cries we made. Then in answer came back to our surprise—not the speeches we had uttered, but low, rough growls, with fearful threats as to what our sufferings should be if the owners of the said growls came alongside our boat.

We had innocently—at any rate ignorantly—disturbed a party of smugglers, who evidently supposed that we had seen them, and addressed our remarks (for the most part, I must say, uncomplimentary) to their ears. They being under the cliff did not, of course, get back the echo; and we had imagined we were all alone, till disturbed by their angry threats: then we saw a boat shoot out from their dark hiding-place into the bright moonlight, and in hot pursuit it came. I was very much alarmed, for they were in an uncontrollable rage at being, as they thought, discovered in their evil practices, and were uttering the fiercest imprecations. Moreover, the men of those parts were noted, as I knew, for their wild and reckless villainies; so I saw there was cause for apprehension. It was not of the slightest use attempting to reach the beach, so I conceived the idea of hiding in the cave, trusting to their ignorance of its existence.

With this end in view I made a tremendous spurt so as to double the headland and reach my goal before they turned the point. In this I succeeded, and anxiously awaited the result. We could hear they were close behind us, and had hardly been a minute in the cave before they dashed round the headland. The two large rocks which I have mentioned as being in front of our hiding-place of course prevented either party from seeing the other. From their voices we imagined there were some five or six fellows in the boat. They seemed literally boiling for vengeance, and even in that moment of suspense I could not help wondering why they should be so anxious to capture and chastise us. Evidently they knew nothing of the cave, for they uttered an exclamation of surprise at our being out of sight; and then, their voices growing fainter, we imagined they had given up the chase and returned. We remained about half an hour longer in the little cavern, which we afterwards christened 'The Friendly,' and then finding the tide was rising, and that we should not be able to get out at all if we did not make haste, we stole quietly forth and made for home, where we arrived in a more sober state of mind than when we left.

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Manners of Girls.

Girls as well as boys must sit up straight at meals, and not lean or put their elbows on the table; they must not eat too fast; they must eat with the fork, and not with the knife; they must not stretch across another person's plate; they must not put their knives into any dish; they must not be noisy; they must not finger objects on the table; they must not lean back in their chairs; they must not leave the table before other persons have finished.

All these things are taught in nearly every family to both boys and girls, but some of these rules are apt to be forgotten. One has often to be reminded a good many times of what is right before one gets in the way of doing it. It is very charming to see young people sitting quietly at table, eating and drinking in a neat and correct manner, showing respect for everybody present; and this is the reason why I have repeated to you all these rules—which you have heard before, of course, but neglected to observe them.

There is one thing that is particularly pleasing in young folks, and that is a nice and considerate manner toward those who are under them. I dare say my young readers are respectful toward their elders, but are they always kind to servants? Will they pause and ask themselves that question? To my mind, a little girl or boy ought to be even more careful to be polite to one below her than to any others, because servants are happy or unhappy as their masters and mistresses treat them, and think so much of a kind word. Let all of us think of the feelings and happiness of all those dependent upon us.

Little girls, and big girls, too, ought always to salute everybody pleasantly in the morning. There should be a kiss for papa, and a kiss for mamma, and a sweet 'good-morning' for everybody else. It is very rude and underbred not to salute in this way each member of the household when you first meet him or her in the morning.

Of course when you go to school, you greet your teacher and your class-mates with a nice 'good-morning.' 'Good-morning' is a very pleasant thing to hear, and how easy it is to say it! If you feel a little cross, try hard and say 'Good-morning,' and you will find that this salutation will very likely drive your crossness away. One pleasant thing always makes other pleasant things very easy.

Girls are sometimes very snappish because their brothers tease them a little. It is better that boys should not tease, but nothing makes teasing of so little account as taking it amiably and pleasantly. Your brothers will soon stop teasing you if they find that you are good-natured through it all.

It is impossible for boys or girls to have good manners if they are selfish. Good-manners are generally founded on consideration for other people. In order for anyone to be truly polite, he must think first of the comfort and convenience of others. Here are some rules of politeness—which is another word for good manners—all of which have thought for other people as their foundation:

It is polite to get up and offer your chair, if it is a comfortable one, to an elder person who enters the room.

It is polite in company not to take the best place by the fire or by the window. It is polite to stop talking to your companions when other people are by. It is polite to listen when anybody is talking or reading aloud. It is polite never to interrupt another when he is talking. It is polite never to contradict.

It is polite not to whisper when you are in

company; and it is also polite when you are reading not to keep on with your book when company comes into the room. It is polite to see that your guests are well-helped at table. It is polite at the table not to help yourself to the best apple or the best orange or the best piece of cake on the plate. It is polite to give up your playthings to your playmates. It is polite to share with your playmates any little luxury that you may have—such as a pear, or a peach.

It is polite always in asking anything to say, 'Please, sir, will you do this?' or, 'Will you be so kind, sir, as to do this?' etc.

It is polite to always answer when you are spoken to. To be sulky and refuse to speak when anybody addresses you is the height of impoliteness.

It is the best kind of politeness to cultivate kindly feelings. A girl that is a little reserved, that is never rude, that says pleasant and does kindly things, that is not always thinking first of herself—what is more charming than this? For my part, I am always glad to see such little girls, and I tell you frankly that everybody becomes very fond of them.

Girls ought to be modest in their demeanor, and more gentle than boys. It is entirely right for them to run and jump and be as lively as they like, provided they are not rude and overboisterous in their play.

It is very delightful to see a merry, laughing girl scampering over the grass with her kitten or her dog, or engaged in any other active play; but it seems to me that she can do these things in a perfectly free manner without becoming a tomgirl. Don't you think so? If you will try and not imitate the rough ways of boys, not to shout at the top of your voice, and not to be violent, you will enjoy your play just as much, and people will like you the better for it.

There are, I fear, a good many other rules for the guidance of girls. Perhaps you think you have heard enough about good manners for once; but here are some other rules that I must tell you, and then you can run off to your play.

Don't be a slattern. Neatness and cleanliness are among the first requisites of decent society. Don't sit with your legs crossed, or with one leg over your knee. These things are not considered well-bred. Don't bite your finger-nails, or play with your curls, or restlessly twirl a chair, or finger any object when you are in company. You must try and get a quiet and composed manner. Don't, when you are in church, look around and stare at everybody who enters. Don't disturb everybody by your restlessness. Don't fail to thank any one who does you any service or a kindness. Don't point at people you see in the streets, and don't fail to respond to every bow of recognition. Don't be impatient because things go wrong; don't be angry because you can't have your own way.

Don't say unkind things about your playmates, and don't be envious and out of temper because another girl has a prettier gown or bonnet than you have. Don't use slang terms. No one likes to hear from the lips of a girl or woman the coarse and fast terms that happen to be the vulgar fashion of the time.

Don't be in the habit of giggling. Laugh openly and freely at whatever is laughable, but unless there is something to laugh at, don't laugh. Don't cover your face with your hands when you have occasion to laugh. Don't be affected. Try to have a simple and natural manner. Anything that is affected is exceedingly disagreeable. Don't talk in a loud and shrill voice. A low voice is a great charm in all women, young or old.

Don't fail to be obedient to your parents and teachers, respectful to all people older than yourself, kind to your playmates and servants, considerate of other people's wishes and feelings, gentle and modest in your demeanor, neat in your attire, and observant in all the little rules that make what are called good manners.—'Youth's Companion.'

Ah Hoi.

A TRUE STORY.

He was just twelve years old; a ragged little fellow, curled behind a big coil of rope on the deck of a ship.

The great, beautiful vessel, laden with silks and teas and spices, had just set sail from the harbor of Shanghai.

The boy was leaving home and friends, yet there was not a tear in his eye. He was glad to go. In fact, Ah Hoi had put himself on board that ship without leave from anybody, not even the captain, and now he kept still as a mouse, fearing lest somebody should come and put him ashore.

Nothing good, as a general thing, can come of a boy's running away from home; but Ah Hoi's home was such a dreary, filthy hut, and his father and mother were such wretched people, who cared not so much for him as your father and mother care for Ponto and Bose.

He was cursed and kicked around from morning till night, and it was no wonder that when he found himself sailing away over the blue sea his heart gave a great bound of joy.

He soon made friends with the captain, and the sailors were kind to him; they amused themselves in teaching him to speak English, and trying to pronounce the funny sounding words he taught them of his own language.

In the cabin on the table was a Bible, and Ah Hoi picked out the letters and learned all of them. It was not long before he could read words of three or four letters. One of the old sailors took a great deal of pains with him, and was constantly giving him words to spell; so that he learned very fast, and began to read by slowly spelling out the words. He read in the Gospel of John, because the sailor said it was 'good easy reading.' In the third chapter he found a wonderful verse, and it was this: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

For a long time back something had stirred within the heart of this boy over the sea, and made him long for something better and different. It had begun to seem foolish to him to pray to paper gods, and his father had to whip him to get him to do it.

The words of that verse took hold of him, and he read more about the Son of God, and then he began to pray that God would teach him.

The dear Lord heard him, for he always hears and answers such a prayer. He sent the Holy Spirit to his heart, and he understood what he read; and then he believed that the Lord would save him just because that verse said that he would save whosoever would believe on him. 'Whosoever,' said Ah Hoi, 'means me. I do believe that means me, too; then I am saved now, because he said so.'

And now all the day long his heart sang for joy; he read eagerly every word about Jesus, and he was the only one on board the great ship who prayed.

By and by they arrived in Boston, and the captain went to report the ship to its owner.

When the business was finished the captain said: 'I have brought back with me a little Chinese boy that you will be interested in; he is smart as steel, and a good little fellow as well.'

'Send him up to me,' said the gentleman.

It would make too long a story to tell all he said to Ah Hoi, but it was soon arranged that he would take care of him, and send him to school at once.

And now Ah Hoi was happy. He was hungry for knowledge. He proved to be a faithful student and a loyal soldier of Christ. The same kind friend sent him to college and then to the Theological Seminary, for there was nothing in all the world Ah Hoi wanted so much to do, as to be fitted to tell his own people about how God loved the world, and the wonderful thing that he did for them because he loved them.

Just as he had nearly finished his studies, a grand embassy arrived from his own country. They wanted him to travel with them in England and France, and he did so, because he wanted to improve every opportunity for getting good and doing good.

And now, returned from his travels, educated, with polished manners and brilliant talents, whoever would have supposed that this could have been the forlorn little ragged heathen boy that slipped on to the ship that night in the darkness at Shanghai.

Some gentlemen desired him to stay in America, and they offered him a fine position with a good salary, but he said:

'No, gentlemen, I am determined to preach the Gospel,' and where could he do so much as in his own country, and who could so well tell them the story of the love of Christ as he who understood the language, and knew more about them than a stranger ever could.'

So back he went, and he worked with all his heart and soul, and the Lord blessed him in his work, and this very day he is at the head of a college in his own land, training young men to preach the gospel.—'The Pansy.'

'Standing with Reluctant Feet.'

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Classmate.')

Trinity Church was rather vain-glorious about its Bible class, which was the pride of its Sunday-school. Mr. Moffatt had been teaching it for fifteen years, and in that time no scholar had left its ranks, except by death, or by removal, and as the young people considered it a promotion and a great favor to be allowed to join it, the class filled all one wing of the church; and it was exceedingly hard to save from its allurements enough young people to teach the younger classes.

On a certain Sunday that I remember well Mr. Moffatt was too ill to leave his bed, and it seemed at first that this large, interesting class would go untaught for that day. But Superintendent Scott presently came to them with the pleasing news that the pastor of the church had sent a substitute for Mr. Moffat's class, a stranger in the city, but an old friend of his.

The new teacher was a woman about fifty years old, with gray hair, and a plain but an agreeable face. She handled the large class with ease and skill, and proved a most interesting teacher, mainly, I thought, from her unusual knowledge of the Bible. Not that she actually repeated so many texts—indeed, she did not seem to have that sort of verbal memory—but more than anybody I had ever seen she knew the Bible as a whole, and in its relation part to part, and in its relation to secular history, and in its entire spirit and purpose.

Bible characters seemed real and well-known and well-loved friends to her; and we caught a glimpse that day of the Word of God as one great revelation, which gave some of us, at least, a new thrill.

'It is my habit,' said the new teacher, clos-

ing the soft lids of her teacher's Bible, at the end of the lesson, 'to spend the last few minutes of the time allotted me in answering, as far as I am able, any questions that my scholars may care to ask. My own dear scholars, for whom I am very home-sick to-day, are always full of questions. Have these new friends any that they would like to ask?'

There was a little silence, for we were rather shy of strangers, and then I got my courage up to the speaking point. 'I want so much to know how you have studied the Bible,' I said; 'what has made you know it so much better than other people?'

She turned her dark, friendly eyes on me, with a bright, responsive look:

'Let me change the form of your question just a little, my dear,' she said, 'and then I will be glad to answer it. I cannot allow for a moment that I know the Bible better than others of my age and opportunities; but, if you want to know the most precious influence of my whole life in that respect, I shall be so glad to tell you.

'I specially want to tell you, the younger part of this fine class,' she added, after a moment's hesitation, 'because I have been thinking, as I stood before you, that it is a message which you specially need.'

You may imagine that we pricked up our ears at this!

'My story begins,' said the teacher, 'thirty-two years back, when I was a girl of eighteen. I was a member of the church, and I humbly believe I was a Christian, but I was a Christion upon whom the world had a strong hold. I was half-intoxicated with its pleasures; innocent pleasures they were in themselves, for I had been carefully guarded from fashionable amusements; but the adversary was using all these youthful enjoyments to entice me from following the Master fully.

'I, too, belonged to a large Bible class; a fine class, whose teacher was striving earnestly to make us students of the Word, and for whom we were working fairly well. But, for my part, I had no enthusiasm or love for the work.

'One Sunday—I remember it was my own eighteenth birthday—the superintendent came to our class and, singling me out, said, "Miss Edith, there is a class of little girls down in front that wants you for its teacher."

'"Oh, Mr. Barksdale!" I cried, "I can't really teach! And, besides, I wouldn't leave Miss Lucy's class for the world."

'"Please, Mr. Barksdale," said my teacher, "give us a week to consider this important matter." So the superintendent agreed to wait until the next Sunday. Meantime, Miss Lucy and I had long and earnest talks on the subject. I know now that I was standing at the parting of two ways, and, like Longfellow's maiden, with "reluctant feet," I realized that the responsibility of a Sunday-school class would bind me to a more earnest life than I had been leading, or than—alas! I wanted to lead; but when I found that these four little girls were insisting upon having me for their teacher; when I found that Mr. Barksdale and my dear Miss Lucy thought God himself was calling me to the work, I dared not refuse.

'And now, dear, friends, though you may not understand at first that it is so, that is my whole story. I took that class! Do you ask how that answers your question? The answer is found in the asking of another question: What is it to be a faithful Sunday-school teacher? It meant to that girl of eighteen an entirely new way of studying the Bible; not a half hour spent in running over the subject in some popular commentary, but hours and hours each week of hard work, work that dared not slight a single verse.

'But it meant much more than mere study. I felt responsible, not only for my little girls' knowledge of the day's lesson, but for their being Bible students; for their fitting the day's lesson on to last week's and last week's on to the great whole.

'And more and more those young souls lay upon my heart and conscience. I prayed for them, and with them; I gave them books to read; wrote to them when absent, and as the years went by, the most earnest purpose of my life was to lead these girls to the Truth, as he has revealed himself in his Word.

Now, my young friends, I have said these things to show you that, good as being a scholar in this fine class is, there is yet a more excellent way; and if you have an opportunity to teach God's Word to his little ones, remember—not the old lady whose privilege it has been to teach you to-day, but the girl of eighteen, the most precious influence of whose young life was that little class of girls put into her hands, and laid upon her heart.'

Since that Sunday six of us have given up our places in the Bible class and are trying to teach the little boys and girls who have just come out of the crowded infant room. And already we have found that a Bible lesson one is going to teach holds many, many times more truth for the learner than a Bible lesson which one is being taught!

Not So Fast.

An old gentleman, evidently a philosopher, had been spending a week in Chicago. He had been jostled on the sidewalks, crowded against walls, prodded in the side, and shoved hither and thither in the midst of a turmoil such as he was quite unused to. His visit was at an end. He was going to a quieter place. He had just bought his ticket when a station official said, briskly, but not unkindly:

'Hurry up, sir, or you'll miss your train.'

No doubt the old gentleman seemed a little slow.

'Hustle there; hustle!' shouted a gate-tender.

'I don't have to, do I?' said the old man.

'You do if you want to catch that train.'

'But I don't have to catch it unless I want to, do I?'

'I suppose not; but Chicago's a fast place, sir, and you can't keep up with the procession if you don't hustle.'

'People don't get honest here any faster than they do elsewhere, do they?' asked the old gentleman, seriously.

'No, I can't say they do.'

'Nor they don't become respectable citizens any faster, do they.'

'I suppose not,' said the official, whose face was beginning to look puzzled.

'Nor develop the Christian graces any faster, do they?'

'No, I guess not.'

'Nor teach the highest type of manhood and womanhood any faster, do they?'

This was getting almost beyond the official: but he shook his head negatively.

'Nor learn any faster their duty to their fellow men?'

Again the official shook his head.

'Nor go to heaven any faster?'

'Not much!' said the railway man, with emphasis.

The stranger took out his watch.

'Well, I have two minutes in which to walk a hundred feet. I guess I can make it without blowing out a cylinder-head, can't I?'

He spoke in a gentle tone, almost as if he were speaking to himself, and the railway official picked up his satchel and carried it for him out through the gate and across the platform.—'Intelligencer.'

Clean Hands.

(Dr. Thain Davidson.)

I have, again and again, had young men coming to me with this burden on their conscience, that they were compelled, in the work of the office or the sale-room, to wink at some things which were not right; but they dared not open their lips, or they would instantly lose their situation. I am quite aware such a position is one of great trial; but I have only one advice to give. You cannot take up pitch and keep your hands clean. You cannot be a party to dishonest dealing, and remain morally undefiled. It is just in such a case that your faith in God should come to the rescue. What is the worth of your Christian principle if it does not enable you to decide your course, and leave the consequences with God?—if it does not assure you that, in the long run, you will be no loser by holding fast your integrity? Be persuaded he that hath unclean hands shall wax weaker and weaker. Stern integrity is sure to pay. A high-minded, truthful, conscientious man may not meet with success immediately, but he is on the surest road to it. The saying that 'one cannot be honest and live,' is as old as the devil, and just as little to be believed. The fact is, character is the best capital a young man can possess. It never pays in the end to have God against you. 'The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich.' Unless you wish your fingers to be defiled, take into your hands nothing but clean money.

Five pounds honestly earned is better than £50 won by sharp practice, or trickery, or by chance. I abhor the class of young men who, disdaining genuine work, are always on the outlook for some novel scheme or clever device whereby they will get money without toiling for it. Believe me, there is hardly a greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work yourselves, and turning up something, if it be only a potato.

Have a horror both of borrowing and lending. If you would have 'clean hands,' pay as you go, and give what you are able to spare. 'The consonants are better than the vowels,' said a father to his son, meaning that £ s. d. are always to be preferred to I O U.

To be in debt is half-way to being dishonest. Young men should run no bills, but deal on ready-money principles. Be thankful the age has gone by, when credit was the rule, and cash-payment the exception. Every man should make it his endeavor to spend less than he earns. 'Thrift' is a good old English word; and, remember, it is connected with the verb 'to thrive.' Even old Cicero said, 'Economy is of itself a revenue.' Recollect that 3¼d. saved per day is £5 per annum; which means that a man of credit, having this to spare, may have the constant possession of one hundred pounds. Looking at the matter in this light, how many a hundred pounds of capital is consumed by trifling daily indulgences, which could be easily dispensed with?

These matters are not out of place in the Christian pulpit. Were they more frequently enjoined, and practised, we should have a far larger number of 'clean hands' in the commercial world. Never be entrapped into the notion that religion is a thing of Sabbaths and sacraments, of creeds and closets, of prayers and penance. The scoffer loves to put it so; but we hold that that only is worthy of the name of religion, which makes itself manifest in the shop, in the factory, in the office, in the street; which rules a man's whole business, his character, and his life. Young men from sixteen to twenty-five, you have got a stiff battle to fight. It is not an easy matter in these days to get just into the groove we would like. Success in any line is difficult of attainment. Competition is excessive, and numbers

find it hard to make a living. But, I am bound to say, that, given piety, probity, and perseverance, I have never yet known a man go to the wall. I meet with plenty young men in trouble; but, in at least nine cases out of ten, there is 'a crew loose somewhere,' there's some moral defect. It is still as true as ever, that 'the righteous man shall hold on his way, and that he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' Start life, my lads, as you hope to end it, in the fear of God; give your hearts to him, and make his word your guide; then may I say to each of you as he said to Joshua, 'then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.'

Two Kinds of Sport.

''Tis a beautiful morning,' a sportsman said,
'The world looks so happy, let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun,
And proudest be him who counts the most dead.'

They blotted out lives that were happy and good,
Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.
They killed for mere pleasure and crippled and tore,
Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

''Tis a beautiful morning,' a sportsman cried
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun,
'The world looks so happy, so golden the sun
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide.'

The deer that he 'shot' never dreamed of his aim,
The bird that he 'caught' went on with her song,
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong,
Yet rich were his 'trophies' and varied his 'game.'

—Calla Harcourt, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

What to Preach.

Mr. Birch, a popular evangelist, tells of a dying infidel whom he visited by request. The man had long been ill, but he told his visitor that he had sent for him not to speak about religion, for he didn't believe in it, but to thank Mr. Birch for a former kindness.

The evangelist then said: 'Will you answer me one question?'

'Yes,' said the dying man, 'provided it is not about religion.'

Lifting his heart in prayer to God, Mr. Birch said: 'You know I have to preach to-night. Many will be gathered to hear—mostly poor people who will soon have, like you, to face death. I ask you, what shall I preach about?'

Silence for a while; then, with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice, the unexpected answer was given: 'Mr. Birch, preach Christ to them—preach Christ.'

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Two Wood Piles.

'Ho, hum!' sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. 'That all has to be sawed and split and piled. 'For once I wish I had an elder brother.' And he shrugged his shoulders as he started towards the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed he noticed Luke Stafford and James Bent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them a few minutes.

James was busy piling the wood he had already sawed and split, and it made an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

'That's the way Jim always works,' Roy thought with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labors.

Just then the minister passed by the Brents' front gate. 'All done but sand-papering, aye, James?' he inquired, with a smile.

James blushed at the implied compliment, and answered: 'Pretty nearly, sir.'

Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford, across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled, and only a heap beside him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawling tones: 'Maw! how many sticks do you need to-day?'

The sharp contrast between the two boys he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw, and went to work with a will.

'I may not be able to rival Jim,' he said to himself as he sawed, 'but I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw nights.'

When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy for supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order. 'Why, Roy, how much you have done!' she said. 'I am glad to see you take hold of your task so well.'

'Oh,' replied Roy, 'I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object-lesson which did me good.'

'What was that?' asked his mother, looking interested.

'It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood,' replied Roy, pointing to them as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew the boys, looked and laughed; and then she said: 'I like the choice you made of patterns.'

And the pattern proved to be one which lasted Roy all his life. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones as he asked: 'How many sticks do you need?'—'Young People's Paper.'

Those Disagreeable Traits.

One of the gravest mistakes made by parents and those who have the care of children is a systematic effort to crush out of the child qualities simply because they are disagreeable to grown people. Thus the object of training is often nothing more than to make of the child a pleasant, pretty thing to have about the house.

This is often ruinous to the child. Its welfare requires that every trait which may be of use to it in manhood or womanhood should be trained, not crushed. Training says, 'My son, let me show you something better to do.' Crushing says: 'Quit that. Do it again and I'll wear the life out of you,' a threat more truly kept than expected even by the child.

Some of the most valuable traits of character in the man or woman were in the unreasoning and exaggerated days of childhood the most annoying to parent and teacher.

Now, there is Billy out there in the yard beating that old tin pan again. A week ago he pounded on it until the family nerve was practically wrecked. The pan was hid. That boy has hunted for it every day since. He just now found it, and listen at the victory in its bang! bang! bang! Stubbornness? Contrariness? We call it so in a child. In a man it is perseverance, stick-to-it-iveness. It is disagreeable now. It would be pleasanter for us if Billy would sit quietly in a corner and count his toes. But if that quality is trained, when Billy is a man it will be a quality that will win him victory out of a hundred defeats.

Tommy has been to the creek, fell in, and nearly drowned. Two weeks ago he climbed to the top of a tree and fell—but caught on a limb. The father had to climb the tree and get him down. Last spring a colt threw him and broke his arm. Break his spirit trying to break his courage? Never. Train that courage, and some day he will be a man who will walk up the path of duty, even if death be in the way.

Little Lena marks on every smooth surface. Strange, nonsensical marks. She spoils almost everything. Whip her and tell her never to mark again? Yes, if you are unwise, that is what you will do, or if you care more for a bit of something than your child. If you are wise give the child something to draw upon. Show her what she may and may not use. Some day Lena may draw lines on canvas that will thrill the world's heart with beauty.

The wild impulsiveness of this child is always getting it into trouble. It is very annoying, we admit that. Attempt to crush it, the child becomes timid, fearful of doing anything. Train it, and after a while that impulsiveness will be controlled, directed enthusiasm that does all life's great deeds.

Like the beginning of mountain brooks, the manifestations of the fine qualities are usually noisy and turbulent. It may be a long way before they can be blended into the still waters of a mighty stream. But herein is our work, and why work at all unless with intelligent purpose?

The child must be active; to stop its activity without giving it something better to do is worse than foolish. 'Don'ts' are the devil's brickbats, and they have driven more children into his nets than all the license parents ever granted. Direction, not opposition, is the main principle of all true training.—'American Mother.'

A Loan to the Lord.

In his sketch of John Evangelist Gossner, founder of the famous Gossner Mission of Berlin, Dr. Stevenson gives the following incident from the life of Feneberg, a pious vicar with whom Gossner lived for a time as a student.

A poor man with an empty purse came to Feneberg one day, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had; but, as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after, he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying: 'Lord, I lent thee three crowns; thou hast not yet returned them, and thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray thee, give them back.'

The next day a messenger brought a letter, which Gossner reached over to Feneberg, saying, 'Here, father, is what you expended.' The letter contained two hundred thalers (£30) which the poor traveller had begged from a rich man for the vicar. The childlike old man, in joyful amazement cried out, 'Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of thee, for straightway thou makest one feel so much ashamed!'

LITTLE FOLKS

Some Cat Stories.

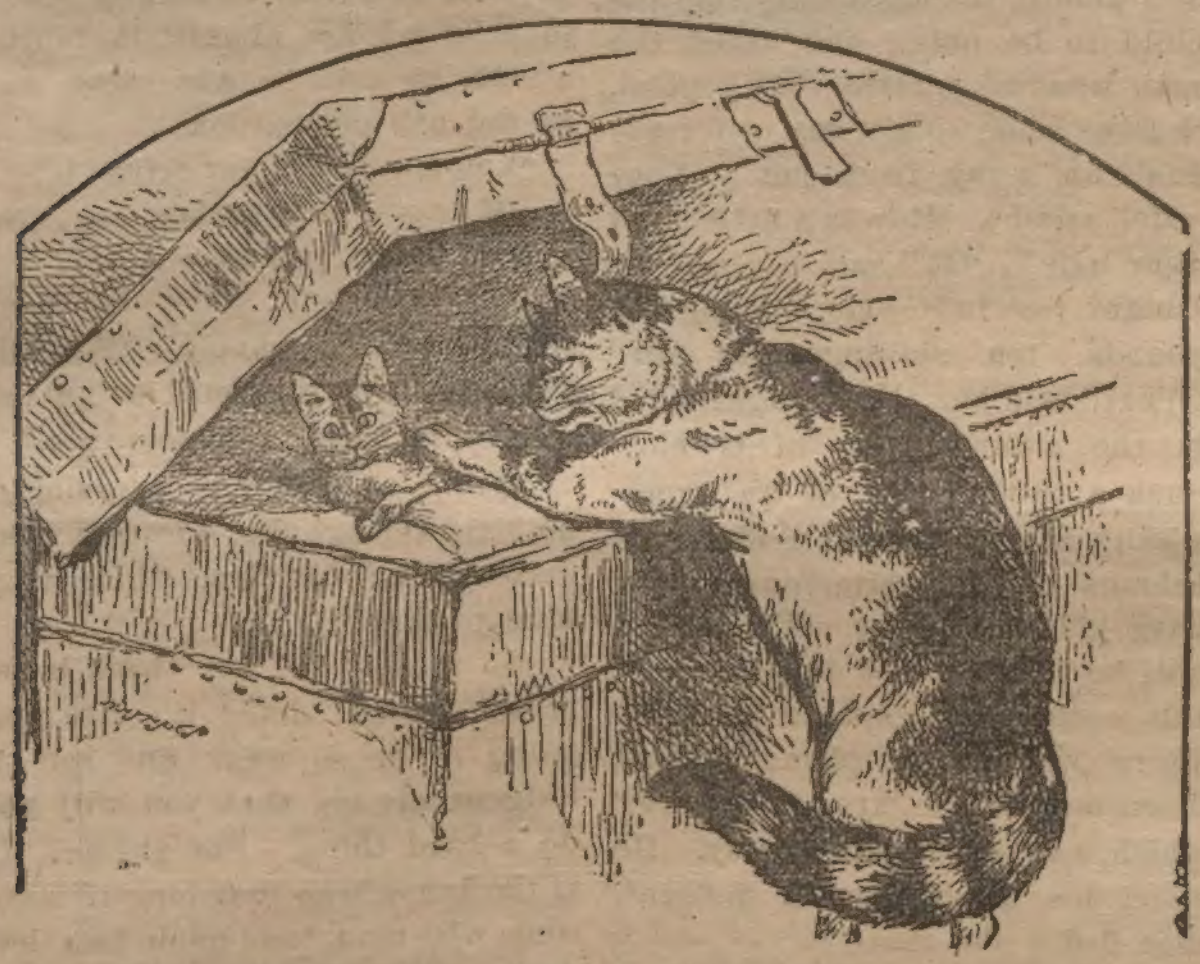
The guardians of the peace in a northern suburb have adopted a little black cat with white paws and habit-shirt; they, and the neighbors, have made it a small kennel mounted on a raised platform. This kennel is placed inside the low wall of a modern church. Every milkman who passes gives pussy some milk—she has a small trough of her own for this purpose. She looks eagerly for the coming of the cats' meat man.

Her name is Mike. Once a label was fastened on the top of her kennel bearing the words, 'Mrs. Mike is not at home.' She was absent on her own business! 'A fortnight later she was the proud mother of three kittens, so her house bore the inscription, 'Mrs. Mike is at home.' The policeman on duty informed the writer that all her kittens had found comfortable homes.

In the evening, one is sure to see a tall, helmeted figure standing near the wall with a small one as near as possible to the other one. Pussy trusts them all, and they are all kind to her. We must not forget to mention that Mrs. Mike once had the honor of a notice in the 'Daily Telegraph.' Some one had erroneously called her a kitten! This she resented by writing to the editor.

Another cat dwells among the mighty dead in the crypt of St. Paul's. This one is a beautifully clean tabby, with gentle, amiable face and a more sedate gait than Mike, for is she not a church cat? Whereas the former darts across the road like an arrow, the crypt cat is generally found asleep on one of the chairs; she looks as if she had other food to fall back upon than the proverbial church mice.

The British Museum cat is not so fine looking as the other two; it looks ancient, shabby, and mummified. When the pigeons are fed it often walks round them, but it never touches them; perhaps it wonders why food is not given so plentifully to the quadruped as to the birds. Some time ago, the cat of that period was sleeping in the



ladies' waiting-room — evidently dreaming—when suddenly it started up, flew at the attendant, and scratched her rather severely—whether in rage or anger is not known. That cat is now defunct.

Years ago the British Museum possessed a pretty little black cat with white frills. One day it was noticed that pussy had disappeared for a long time. Toward the afternoon, as Dr. Garnett was walking about, he thought he heard a plaintive 'mew.' He immediately set off to trace the sound, and at length found the poor cat in one of the bookcases. She had climbed up easily enough to about the fifth shelf, where there was a gap caused by the removal of some books, but, like a good many wiser people, she found it difficult to get into the right path again. She did not dare to jump on the open iron grating which forms the floor, and she could not climb down the perpendicular bookshelf.

Of course, the pet of the museum was lifted from her prison, and cautioned not to let her curiosity lead her into mischief again.

Not long before this little adventure, pussy got into more serious trouble, and was found by one of the attendants with her head in a rat-trap. 'She was quite exhausted,' he said, 'and if she had been there only a little longer it would have been all over with her.'

A story is told of another cat who is petted and made much of by the members of the household. Each year when the family goes into the country, puss goes too; and thus she has become used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts, as well as to the signs of moving, and knows what it means when carpets come up and trunks are packed.

One particular season, puss, being the happy mother of a promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for flitting drew near, and at last became so troubled that she attracted the attention of the family by her peculiar behavior. She had packed her little one into a partially filled trunk lest it should be overlooked in the moving!

The Story of Tume.

(By Rev. George A. Wilder, Chikore, East Central Africa, in 'Mission Dayspring').

Fifteen hundred miles north of Capetown, and six hundred from the Indian Ocean, in the valley of the Mhlanga River, was a collection of straw-covered huts, the home of Tume Mazinyo, a nine-year-old girl of the notorious Mandebele tribe. Into that wild land the European hunter, the gold seeker and the Boer trekker had come.

By these Tume was forcibly taken from her home to attend the children in the settlers' camp, but being a spirited child, did not submit to her captors, and resolved to escape. Watching her opportunity, she got away unseen, and hid in the long

grass of the feldt, but was soon lost.

After wandering about for a long time she met a native, and asked her way to the Mhlanga Valley. The man replied that he was going that way himself and would guide her. Imagine how happy that child must have been to think that in a few hours she would be at home again with her mother and little sisters, resolving thereafter to keep a sharp lookout, and to hide when any white men might appear at her kraal.

They travelled on a distance, but no home appeared; the country began to grow strange and the man to act roughly, and as a second day passed, Tume realized that she was being kidnapped. After a terrible journey of three hundred miles, through strange tribes, over high mountains and across wide valleys, they reached the great Sabi River, crossed it, and began to ascend two thousand feet to the plateau where was the home of her captor; and how that deluded wretch must have rejoiced to think that now his perilous journey was almost over, and his prize won!

With something to boot, he would soon exchange Tume for an older girl able to be his wife. But on the first night of their arrival at his home, a little boy in the kraal told her of the (to him) wonderful story of a great building rising within sight of his home; that it had very high walls, and that the people feared to go near it; that it was the house of a missionary. When Tume heard that there was a missionary near, her hopes again began to revive. In her far-away home she had heard of missionaries, and that they helped people; she did not know anything more about them than this, but she determined that night to make one more desperate effort to escape. So in the dead of night, when all were asleep, Tume stole out, resolved to risk capture by lions, leopards and hyenas, and, if possible, to reach the missionary.

She soon lost her way, and wandered about all night in the forest. It was a marvel that she was not killed by the wild beasts; it was only the care of a Heavenly Father that saved her.

In the early morning she came upon a kraal, and asked a woman to take her to the missionary. This the woman did, strange to say, for ordinarily children thus found are considered legitimate captives, and are disposed of in the domestic slave market.

The missionary was busy putting on the roof to the house, when word was sent up that there was a little girl wanting to see him. At the same time suddenly up strode an immense savage, clothed in his skins, armed with battle-axe and bow. He fairly rushed on his prey, but before he had time to seize her, she jumped at him like a little demon, cursed and swore at him, and called him all the vile names she could think of in her own tongue. 'I will never marry an Itonga! I am not your wife, you stole me!' Taking in the situation at a glance, the missionary told the child to be quiet, and asked the man what he wanted. He replied, 'I have come to get my wife; she has run away from me.' 'Your wife!' said he. 'How is a little child your wife?' 'Oh!' said the man, 'I bought her in Gwelo, paying six pounds, ten shillings for her.' 'What!' said he. 'You bought a girl in the mining camp of Gwelo?' Such a thing would be an impossibility in this country which now belongs to the white man. 'You have kidnapped this child, and it will be best for you to get out of this country as soon as possible.' There was no telephone to call down on him the 'arm of the law,' which was eighty miles away. He stood his ground for a moment, then fled.

Tume was beside herself with joy; but here was a problem. How was she to find her parents, and how return to her home? For the time being she must remain with the missionary. She must be taught the use of soap and water, as well as how to dress herself, for on her arrival she was clothed only in a skin and a few beads.

Do not imagine that it was easy to keep this little 'Topsy' confined to any one thing; but as the months went on she gained some knowledge, and above all, of the wonderful love of the Son of God, who came to earth to save such as Tume. She became one of the members of the little church at Mt. Silinda.

She never went back to her own home and country, for the scenes through which she had passed had caused her to suffer from rheumatism and heart trouble; she became so lame that she could not walk, and in August, 1901, she went away to her Heavenly home.

Forgetting.

'I am sorry to see that you and Hal are not as good friends as you used to be,' said George Hartwell's father to the young lad one day. 'Have you quarrelled?'

'Not exactly, but he treated me in a mean, shabby way a while ago, and we've never been as good friends since.'

'Wasn't he sorry afterward? Did he never ask your pardon? I thought Hal was unusually ready to acknowledge himself in fault.'

'Oh, he said he was sorry, and he did ask my pardon.'

'You surely did not refuse it?'

'Of course not, father, but then I can't forget, you know.'

'The same old story, my son,' said the father gravely. 'What is pardon worth that still keeps the offence in angry remembrance."

'Well,' said George, excusingly, not answering the question, but making an objection, 'it is very hard to forget.'

'So it may be, but there is no reason for not doing it. Are you going to be so weak and self-indulgent always that you will not do a hard thing! For shame! "It is the brave who first forget," says some wise man, "and noble foes that first unite." Here is your chance to be both brave and noble, George. I shall be disappointed in you if you fail,' and the father left his son with a new thought in his mind, which soon ripened into purpose of heart to 'forgive and forget!'

People talk of 'making up one's mind,' but, after all, the heart has to be made right before the good deed is done.—Ex.

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LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

Christ Risen.

Matthew xxviii., 1-15.

Golden Text.

Now is Christ risen from the dead. I. Corinthians xv., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 13.—Matt. xxviii., 1-15.
Tuesday, June 14.—Luke xxiv., 13, 25-35.
Wednesday, June 15.—John xx., 19-29.
Thursday, June 16.—Matt. xxviii., 11-20.
Friday, June 17.—John xxi., 15-25.
Saturday, June 18.—Acts xxii., 6-16.
Sunday, June 19.—Rev. i., 9-20.

1. In the end of the sabbath, as it began to draw toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6. He is not here, for he is risen as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

7. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11. Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

12. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers,

13. Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept.

14. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you.

15. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Have you ever thought of what your life and hopes would amount to if the account of Christ's life ceased with the story of Calvary? 'And if Christ be not risen,' says Paul, 'then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.'

Christ, dying, pays the penalty of man's sin, but Christ risen opens to every believer a glorious prospect for eternity. The study of the Resurrection is the most joyous and hopeful of all topics in the Bible. Death is thereby shown to be only the Christian's removal to a better place, not a thing of terror and eternal gloom.

After the solemn and awful scenes dealt with in the last two or three lessons, scenes which culminated in man's murder of the Son of God, it is a blessed relief to turn to the victory of Christ over death, and his restoration to his sorrowing followers.

According to the commonly accepted chronology, Christ was crucified on Friday, April 7, and was laid in the tomb late that same afternoon. On Sunday morning, April 9, occurred the resurrection.

Some confusion may arise with regard to the time Christ was in the tomb. The expressions, 'on the third day,' and 'after three days,' used in the Gospels with reference to Christ's death and resurrection may seem contradictory according to our modern way of counting. Both expressions, however, are correct, according to the ancient mode of denoting the interval between two events. By the old custom the day of his burial and that of his resurrection were counted as full days.

In counting the years a king reigned they included the year he ascended the throne and the year his rule ceased as whole years. Thus if a king began to reign in the fall of 1902 and died this spring, by the old reckoning, he would be said to have reigned three years.

When Christ was taken from the Cross he was placed in a new tomb hewn out of rock, and a great stone was rolled in front of the door and sealed.

Now, the Pharisees knew Christ had predicted his own rise from the dead, but believed they had prevented such in reality by his death. Still they feared the disciples would play a trick, by stealing the body, and then proclaiming that Christ had risen, so with the consent of Pilate a guard was set over the tomb as an additional precaution.

How God makes the wrath of man to praise him! This plan of the Pharisees to prevent a trick has only served to prove to all generations since that no fraud was possible, that the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is a fact of history.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1-4. 'The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.'

'In the end of the sabbath,' that is, at the end of the night following the Jewish Sabbath or Saturday, there came women from among Christ's friends to the tomb bearing spices for embalming the body.

Mark tells us that they questioned among themselves as to how the great stone should be removed. But they did not stop on that account, and the wisdom of their faith was soon shown.

There was an earthquake, and an angel of the Lord descended and rolled away the great stone, sealed and guarded though it was, and sat upon it. No wonder the guards became as dead men from fear. When Christ was betrayed he might have called twelve legions of angels to his aid, but his work was not yet finished and he refused. Now the hour of his triumph has come, and a single angel undoes all the evil work of conspiring Jewish enemies, and of merciless Roman soldiers, and waits at the door of the tomb to announce the overwhelming defeat of death itself.

5-7. 'He is not here, for he is risen.' While Matthew mentions but one angel, Luke refers to two men 'in dazzling apparel.' According to Luke also the women were frightened at the presence of celestial beings, hence the words of the angel in verse 5, 'Fear ye not.' Love is sometimes overwhelmed and stunned by the glorious reward that comes to it.

The angel knows that they seek Jesus, and tells them plainly that he has risen. Lest their frightened minds may not comprehend and believe, the angel invites them to examine the tomb and see where Christ lay. Then they are bidden to go quickly and announce to the disciples that he is risen and is to go to Galilee, where they shall see him.

8-10. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold Jesus met them.' As the sun was rising on this scene and driving away the gloom of night, so the resurrection is adding joy to joy, for these loving, faithful women, after their season of despair. Trembling with new hope and with fear at the presence of the angels, they turn to proclaim to the disciples the glorious message when suddenly Jesus himself meets them, and their joy is complete.

Jesus speaks the word of peace that scatters all fear, and they bow at his feet. He, too, bids them to direct the disciples to Galilee. In the place of their greatest labors, among familiar scenes, were they to meet their risen Saviour.

Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ had cast seven devils, was the first person to whom he appeared after he rose. Read the account in John xx. How great must have been her joy to find again her Saviour, to whom she owed so much? She became the first human messenger from the opened tomb of Christ, bearing the good news of the resurrection.

Read the accounts in the four Gospels of the events associated with the resurrection, including the beautiful story of the walk to Emmaus. Luke xxiv.

11-15. 'Say ye, His disciples came by night.' But there is a dark side to the lesson. So desperately hardened became the hearts of those who were responsible for Christ's death, that, rather than accept the fact and sue for pardon, they foolishly strove to conceal a thing that could not be hidden.

The soldiers who were sent to guard the tomb, at the request of the chief priests and Pharisees, came to the chief priests and reported the resurrection. If this news got out the Jewish leaders would appear in a bad light and there was no telling what a fickle populace might do. Like drowning men grasping at straws, they adopted a very blind and foolish way to meet the situation.

They bribed the Roman guard to lie about the resurrection, to say they slept and allowed the body to be stolen. But Roman soldiers asleep on duty were liable to death; how were they to be protected? The chief priests promised to fix the matter with the governor, who had already shown himself so weak.

These few verses indicate the political corruption of the day. How absurd it appears in the light of all the events—a few plotting priests seeking to hush with money the story of their failure to keep Christ's tomb sealed against Heaven. Resistance against Christ has ever resulted in blindness and just such weak and futile performances as this.

Meantime the news was spreading. Christ was meeting with his disciples and was being seen of men. His resurrection became known and beyond dispute. As one noted writer puts it, 'The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the best attested fact of history.'

And in that resurrection lies our hope of eternal life. 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.'

On June 26 we have a 'Review of the Life of Christ.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 19.—Topic—What Paul teaches me about rising above discouragement. II. Cor. iv., 7-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, June 13.—'Keep under my body.' I. Cor. ix., 27.

Tuesday, June 14.—'Temperate in all things.' I. Cor. ix., 25.

Wednesday, June 15.—'The body a temple.' I. Cor. vi., 19.

Thursday, June 16.—'Glorify God in your body.' I. Cor. vi., 20.

Friday, June 17.—'Keep thyself pure.' I. Tim. v., 22.

Saturday, June 18.—Clean hands, pure hearts. Ps. xxiv., 4.

Sunday, June 19.—Topic—How God wants us to care for our bodies. I. Cor. iii., 16, 17.

Bible Study.

Experience convinces me that one of the most attractive and helpful ways to study the Word is the biographical. Learn to group facts around persons rather than persons around facts. First, take the leading character of each historical period and get hold of the events of his life. Then, after you have studied the stars of the first magnitude, turn your attention to those of the second and third. To illustrate—study Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, Saul, David, etc. After you have passed through the historical books in this way come back and study several secondary characters in connection with each of the first named. For example, in connection with Moses, look into the life of Pharaoh, Aaron, Miriam and Jethro. Then test yourself by questions like the following: Through what persons could Abraham shake hands with Joshua? Continue such test questions covering more and more historical space, and you will soon be surprised to find that, as far as information is furnished, you can through the historical links make Adam in Eden grasp the hand of John in Patmos, beholding the new Eden.—Prof. Dager, in 'The Evangel.'

Temperance

Who is Responsible for the Drink Curse?

Every man shall give account of himself unto God. It is just as true that Christ is judge of all as that Christ died for all. It is just as true that that great restraint is laid upon us as that that great inspiration appeals to us, and when Christ comes and sits upon the throne of his glory he sits as the Son of Man, and inhumanity is the one condemning sin at his bar. These things ought to lie on our mind, and we ought to see that we have the sense of responsibility on ourselves and others, it ought to be our policy in all our private relations. It ought to be the policy of our actions, of our public actions too, to deepen the responsibility and force it upon the public conscience. Even when men have power, how unwilling they are to exercise it in the simple way of giving their vote. How willing some people are to see laws come into operation by taking away responsibility from themselves. These are the things in which a law can be of deep and vital interest to the moral life of a people, and these are the things that in law ought to be resisted to the death, and it ought to be our policy in our churches too, and in our moral worth, to say to Christian people: Dare you stand before the Cross and before the judgment seat of Christ? Dare you take the responsibility of saying that you will not lift a hand, that you will not make an effort, that you will see things go on for two generations more as it has gone on for untold generations in the past? And if motives like these touch our hearts and enter into our life, we can depend upon it that God will bless the work we try to do for his name, and that we will become partakers not only in the tribulation and in the patience, but also in the triumph of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Professor Denney.

Not a Smoker.

The anti-cigarette league committee of the Twentieth Century Club of Detroit, of which Mrs. Charlotte S. Angstman is the chairman, recently received the following letter from Ernest Thompson Seton, whose books are so popular with boys:—

Dear Madam:—In response to yours of June 27, I have never smoked in my life, and I have always been strongly opposed to the use of tobacco by boys. In my camp of boy Indians, of which we have between sixty and seventy in the country, a constitutional law is 'no smoking.' I would give a great deal if I could stamp out this pernicious habit.

Wishing you success in your fight, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

New York. Jan. 30, 1904.

The Real Ass.

In the days of George III. a tavern keeper, who had become proud as he prospered, took down his sign of an ass and substituted a picture of George III. A neighbor immediately raised the cast-off effigy and drew off the trade of the other. Thereupon the former wrote underneath his Majesty's picture: 'This is the real ass.' But he made a mistake. The real ass is the man who works hard all the week and then spends a large proportion of his wages at the 'Black Bull,' or 'Red Lion,' or 'The Real Ass.'—'Temperance Vanguard.'

The Beginning and Ending.

Young men often ask, What harm can there be in a social, moderate glass of wine?—it is certainly, they claim, a very agreeable way of passing a leisure hour. Undoubtedly they find the exhilaration of wine and jovial intercourse very agreeable; and it is upon this admitted fact that the counsel, 'Look not upon the wine' is based. It is because it is so pleasant to indulge in this stimulant that it is so dangerous. We must beware—it is a syren's voice, alluring only to destroy. However delightful this gratification may be for a season, remember that 'at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Not at the first; did it bite at the first, who would tamper with it? Did the sting come at the beginning of the indulgence, who would be led astray? But the pleasure comes at the first, and the sting at the last; and herein lies the danger of looking on the wine.

At the first, it sparkles and cheers;
At the last, it poisons and maddens.
At the first, it excites mirth and song;
At the last, it produces sorrow and curses.
At the first, it is an affair of good feeling and fellowship;
At the last, it is an affair of feuds, fighting, and murder.
At the first, it may kindle up the countenance to a more animated expression;
At the last, it gives redness of eyes, and bloat and deformity to the visage.
At the first, it may quicken the intellect to unwonted activity, and impart a captivating brilliancy to the conversation;
At the last, it emasculates the mind of every element of strength, and degrades the conversation to the merest stammering of idiotic gibbering.
At the first, it may stimulate the body to unnatural vigor;
At the last it breaks down the strongest frame, and sends weakness into the limbs and trembling into the flesh.
At the first, there may be health enough to resist the pernicious tendency of intoxication, so that with all the pleasures there are few of the pains of indulgence;
At the last, they become victims of manifold, inveterate, loathsome, and distressing diseases.
In the beginning, they count themselves of all men most happy;
In the ending, they confess themselves of all men most miserable.
In the beginning, we have a company of fine young gentlemen;
In the ending, we have a group of dilapidated and vulgar old sots.
At the commencement of their career, they have free access to respectable society;
At its close, few are willing to be seen in their company.
At the first, they have no small pride of character;
At the last, all regard for reputation is overwhelmed in the lust for drink.
The early stages of their dissipation were cheered by temporal prosperity, and the hope of still brighter days to come; its later periods are darkened by a cloud which sheds only gloom on the present, and foreshadows a still more dismal future.
At the first, they are sustained by a fine flow of spirits;
At the last, they sink into the slough of despondency, and perhaps of mental horror.
At the first it is the cup of exhilaration in the hands of thoughtless youth;
At the last, it is a 'cup of fearful trembling in the hand of an offended God.'
At the first, there is a joyful anticipation of good times to come;
At the last, there is 'a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries.'
At the first, it is the wine of pleasant fellowship;
At the last, it is the 'wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured out without mixture.'
At the first, it is the agreeable excitement of an evening;
At the last, it is the long-drawn agony of an endless perdition.
At the first, it is a grateful stimulus of an hour;
At the last, it is 'the worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched.'—Exchange.

How Dr. Cuyler Became a Teetotaler.

Dr. Cuyler's boyhood came at a time when intemperance and drunkenness were spreading terrible havoc. Liquor was used in the country almost as freely as in the town or city, and at log-rollings, house-raisings, and all sorts of public gatherings, vast quantities of strong drink were distributed. Especially was liquor considered absolutely essential in harvest-time.

Theodore's grandfather was one of the first citizens of Cayuga County to banish intoxicants from his farm, and Theodore himself signed a pledge of total abstinence when he was only ten or eleven years old. He enjoys relating, in these later days, how, even previous to his signing the temperance pledge, he had a taste of 'Prohibition' that made a lasting impression on him.

One day he discovered some 'cherry-bounce' in a wine-glass on his grandfather's sideboard, and he ventured to swallow the tempting liquor. When his vigilant mother discovered what he had done she took the rod to him, and administered a dose of Solomon's medicine in a way that made him 'bounce' most merrily. Cuyler declares that that made him a 'teetotaler' for life.—Exchange.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

In the Russian Rear—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Rivalries in Tibet—Emulation of Lamaism's Two Great Heads Dates from 1642—London 'Times.'
Russia and England—A Warning—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Some House of Commons Speeches on the Licensing Bill—English Papers.
H. M. Stanley: A Personal Impression—By One Who Knew Him—The 'Standard,' London.
The Ecclesiastical Position in Scotland—The 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Monet on the Thames—Special Correspondence of the New York 'Tribune.'
The Royal Academy—By O.D., in the 'Pilot,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Sanctuary—Poem, by C. O. Emra—The 'Pilot,' London.
A Thought for the Season—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Charles Reade—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Doubles—The 'Spectator,' London.
Hawker of Morwenstow—By John Masefield, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Sundial Mottoes—The 'Speaker,' London.
Seventeenth Century London.—By Richard Davey, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
The Mary E. Wilkins of the Superfine Emotions—The 'Nation,' New York.
The Family of the Twentieth Century—By A. Z., in the 'Pilot,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

How Plants Get Their Coloring—Address by Professor Henry Kraemer, of Philadelphia—Condensed for 'Public Opinion,' New York.
Results of Women's Education—The Secret of Industrial Success, as seen by President Thomas of Bryn Mawr—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Santos Dumont Airships—The 'Standard,' London.
The Daily Bread Problem—The 'Wall Street Journal,' New York.
Purifying Water Supplies—'Public Opinion,' New York.
A Hole Through the Simplon—The 'Sun,' New York.
Origin of the Word Dumbell—The New York 'Tribune.'
Concerning Hour Glasses—Their Old Time Uses—The 'Hour Glass,' London.
A Plant Truly American—The 'Sun,' New York.

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Correspondence

Letters have been received from the following: Eva G. W.(Wallace Bay), Ralph B.(Grantville, Man.), Helen I. W. (Colorado), Mary G. B. (Assa.), Nelly P. (Mingo, Ind. Ter.), Robert A. R. (Pictou, N.S.), Eva M. Kemp, Rebie E. Elder (Man.), Lillian G. C. (N. S.), Flora Violet A. (Richibucto), Ruth S. (N. B.), Stella R. (Ont.), Georgina C. (Toronto), Elsie P. (Kansas), Flossie Eva (Bass River), Estella S. G., Beatrice E. (Ironwood, Ont.), Lila A. W., Lila A. R. (Florence, Ont.), Mary Bessie Y. (11), (Argyle, Iowa), Daisy Jane B., Clifford L. F. (Island Beach), Marietta F. (Morristown, N. S.), Hilda B. S. (Gaspe, N.S.), M. M. C. (12), (Falkland Ridge, N.S.), Viola S. Trefry (Springhaven, Man.), B. B. C., Pearl M. (Milton, Ont.), Herman F., Sadie B. R. (Springfield, N.S.), James S. F. (New Annan), Blanch M. (Clark's Harbor, N.S.), Leigh Herrett (Springhill, N.S.), Tena M. (Kincardine, Ont.), Isabel W. M. (Lucan, Ont.), Pearl G. (Bear Island), George M. (Hamilton, Ont.), Flora A. (Yale, Mich.), Arnwrell L. (Basswood, Man.), Bertha Maria A. (Beachburg, Ont.), Marguerite D. (Wolfville, N.S.), Pearl H. (Cleveland, O.), Irene A. (Cleveland, O.), Ewart M. G. (11), (Rosebank, Man.), Alice J. (12), Pendleton, Ont.), Hattie M. (12), (Pendleton, Ont.), Archie T. (Sourisford), Nora J. (11), (Toronto), Eva L. S. (Lindsay, N.B.), Eva A. H. (Metropolitan, Ont.), Winifred K. (Bannister, Mich.), Laura P. (Maugerville, N.B.), Hugh B. (Cresswell, Ont.), Mary A. W. (Mount William, Ont.), Leddie B. H. (Springhaven), Margaret Gordon (Winnipeg), and others whose names will be mentioned later.—Cor. Ed.

Valley Junction, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother. My eldest sister Lucia teaches in a school; my second sister, Mary, is married, and has a little girl eight months old; my third sister, Anna, goes to school; and my brother, Irvin, is going to help my papa farm this year. He is three years older than I am. I stay at home and help my mamma, as I am not able to go to school. We have a dog named Ring, and a bird named Dick. We have a little colt and some little calves. We live on a farm, twelve miles west of Des Moines. The R.F.D. runs past our place, and we have a telephone, which makes the farm life very pleasant. I like to read the correspondence. I am reading 'Christobel,' and like it very much. My birthday is on July 8.

EVA GERTRUDE R. (aged 10).

TOMMY.

One bright day in summer
Tommy was sent to school;
He said he did not want to go,
So he stopped to play at a pool.

A man came along and asked him
Why he did not go;
But Tommy did not answer,
And bowed his head down low.

Then he looked up at the stranger,
And he said: 'Oh, I'll be good:
I'll go to school every morning,
As little boys always should.'

And all little folks should go to school,
And learn how to write and read;
And if you always go and learn,
I know you'll be glad indeed.

BEATRICE V. (aged 13).

Glen Morris, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather says that this winter has been the coldest winter for sixty-three years, and I guess that is so. After it would rain it would make it very icy. One morning as I was going to school I got a ride with a man in a sleigh who had a pig behind in a box. I got in the front with one of the girls, and the rest of the girls sat in the back of the sleigh. As we were coming down a hill, which was covered with ice, the sleigh slipped down the side, and when it struck the snow on the side it upset. The girls that were in the back jumped. The people that were in the front with me jumped too; but I did not have time to jump. The pig box and sleigh came right on top of me. My face was just a little skinned, but none of the rest were hurt. It was just a little way from the school, and so we walked the rest of the way. There are a lot of hills around our school. A few days ago we were sleigh-riding down one of these hills, when we struck the fence. I hurt my leg, but the people that were on the sleigh with me were not hurt. The books I have read are: 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Bishop's Shadow,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'In His Steps,' 'Out at Sea,' 'Bessie Among the Mountains,' and 'Queechy.' I am eleven years old. I have a dog named Sport. He is full of fun. He will do anything I want him to do. I have lots of fun with him in the summer time. I could give him a stick and he will take it in his mouth and run away and hide it. And if I throw my ball up into the air, when it comes down he can catch it. He will shake hands, and catch sticks when they are thrown up in the air. He likes to swim, and I can throw sticks in and he will bring them out to me. We have lots of fun together. JEAN I. S.

Winlaw, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live on the bank of a creek, which is a very pretty place in the summer. The creek is very high now, and is running very swift. I go to school, and I like my teacher very well. At school I study arithmetic, reading, grammar, geography, history, spelling and writing. I saw in your paper that for four subscribers we can get a Bible, and I have got the four, and I hope to get the Bible. My father owns three-quarters of a section of land. We have a large barn, and we had it nearly full of sheaves this winter. I have a pony, and I like her very much. I call her Nelly.

HARRY C. (aged 13).

Wall Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is in a little nook surrounded by hills, except to the north-east, where it slopes out on the dyke enclosed from the Gaspereau River. Beautiful pears, apples and peaches grow here, of which we children are very fond. My only pet is a beautiful baby brother, the youngest of ten. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all look eagerly for the story of 'Daph and Her Charge.' I like reading the Correspondence page, and I would like to know if any of the readers could repeat the Commandments, the 23rd Psalm, and the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and the twenty-first of Revelation.

LOTTIE F. M. (aged 10).

Basswood, Man..

Dear Editor,—I am sending you the poem asked for in the 'Messenger' of May 6. My mamma used to take the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. She has a large scrap-book, and many of the nice pieces have been clipped from the 'Messenger' of twenty years ago. We get the 'Messenger' in the Sunday-school, and we all think it is very nice. I cannot read the papers yet, but papa or mamma reads the stories for us. We enjoyed the story 'Daph and Her Charge' very much. I have one little brother, his name being Merrill. He is almost four years old. I am six years old, but cannot write much yet, so mamma is writing this for me; but when I am able to write better, I am going to write lots of letters to the 'Messenger.' We would like to see more letters from Prince Edward Island. I will close with best wishes for all the little folks and the Editor. ARMORELL S.

(Many thanks for the poem.—Ed.)

Crosshill, Ont.

Dear Sir,—Maggie Anticknap, Muriel Grieves, Laura Foster and Millie Foster have been trying to keep the rules of the Royal League of Kindness, and now we are going to join it. We hope that every one of the 'Messenger' subscribers will join it, as we think it a very good idea. MILLIE F.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' from the Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I like to go to school and have lots of fun; but when it comes to studying it is a different thing. Toronto is a very beautiful city. It has lots of parks and hills, which you can ride down on your sleigh in the winter and go very fast over the ice.

A. D. (aged 10).

Jacksonville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I received my fountain pen all right, and it is much nicer than I expected. I want to thank you very much for it. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I have not taken the 'Messenger' for very long, but my sister took it for two years. Papa gave me the money for it at Christmas. I like all the stories. I am a great reader, and when I lived in town I used to get all the books I wanted in the Sunday-school library. We have a nice Sunday-school library here, too. My favorite books are the Elsie books and Miss Alcott's. Thanking you again for my nice pen, HELEN M. S.

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been wanting to write to the 'Messenger' for a long time, but never seemed able to get at it. I must say, like the others who write, that I think your paper is very nice, and I like it very much. I saw two or three girls' birthdays nearly the same date as mine, March 19. There are seven of us in a family. I take music lessons, and am getting on very well with them.

MARGUERITE D.

Brome, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter, and hope to see it in print. I live on a farm in the Eastern Townships. The Townships are noted for their beautiful scenery. I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the Little Folks Page, and the Correspondence. We live very near the school. I study spelling, writing, scripture, geography, dictation, Canadian history, grammar, drawing and hygiene, and I am in grade IV.

MAUD E. W. (aged 10).

Brome, Que.

Dear Editor,—Our teacher gives us the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. We live on a farm in Brome. I have one sister and a brother; also there is a little cousin who lives with us, whose mother is dead. I go to school every day, and I am in grade IV. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Grace M. Our school closes on June 1. We are going to have a picnic in the woods.

A. PEARL W. (aged 11).

Elmvale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was looking through the 'Messenger,' I saw your piece about the Royal League of Kindness, and thought I would like to join it. I cut the piece out. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school. I like it so well I would not do without it. I have just finished reading 'In His Steps.' I have started to read the Bible through by Christmas. I have a baby brother about three years old. His name is Lionel. I am eleven years old.

EDITH P.

Vegreville, Alta.

Dear Editor,—We came from Ontario four years ago, and like it out here better than we did there, as there are so many nice flowers out here. There are lots of gophers also. My cousin is staying with us, and we have lots of fun; She is fourteen years old, and I am ten. I am four feet four inches in height. I have two grandmas and one grandpa. I have two sisters and one brother. He is nearly five years old. I have no pets but a cat. I have not been to school yet. My mamma teaches me at home. I am very fond of study. I like to read the 'Messenger,' and I always turn to the Little Folks Page first.

EDNA B.

Elmside, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a hundred-acre farm about two miles from the Ottawa River. It is four miles from the nearest village, three miles from the church and station, and fifty miles from the nearest city. On Sunday, March 13, the brick Presbyterian church was burnt. When the fireman arrived the church was full of smoke. The stove upstairs had burnt a hole through the floor. People were sent for, but it was no good, because it had got too good a start. The church was built in the year 1869. STANLEY G.

Brigden.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters very much. I have four sisters and one brother. Brigden is a very small place, and there is a grist-mill, an oatmeal-mill, heading-mill, and sawmill. My father works in the heading-mill. A large creek runs through here, and our school is right near it. There is also a large hill near the creek. The boys have good fun sliding down it in the winter time.

FLORENCE S. R.

HOUSEHOLD.

Thoughts About Food.

(Mrs. Helen M. Richardson, in the 'N. Y. Observer.')

'I worry a great deal about Laura, she has a headache so often,' a mother said to me one day.

'Have you any cause to assign for it?' I asked.

'Not conclusively; yet I am more than half inclined to believe that study is at the bottom of it. The present school system of cramming seems to me to be sufficient cause for all kinds of aches.'

Now, I had my own private opinion of Miss Laura's headaches; but as to whether it would be wise to voice it, I was rather doubtful. Laura's mother was my dear friend; the young lady in question, her only daughter. Plain speaking in such a case, even with truth as a motive power, is not always safe, still, 'I'll risk the consequences,' I said to myself, and to her: 'What did Laura eat for her breakfast?'

My friend looked at me rather sharply. She was quick-tempered, and this was why I had hesitated about freeing my mind.

'She eats enough; I hope you do not think I am starving the child,' she replied, quickly.

'On the other hand, I thought perhaps you might be stuffing her,' I answered, with more care for convincing my friend, than for the elegance of my rhetoric.

Still half inclined to consider me meddlesome, Gertrude began glibly to enumerate the different articles of food her daughter had swallowed; they could not have been thoroughly masticated in the ten minutes she had previously assured me Laura usually had left after a hasty toilet, in which to eat her breakfast.

'A cup of coffee, a plate of griddle cakes, fried bacon, hot rolls,' I repeated slowly. 'You say that Laura ate all this stuff for breakfast? No wonder her head aches, poor child.'

My friend looked incredulous.

'I'm sure, a girl who has to study as hard as Laura does, requires hearty food,' she said.

'Assuredly, but of a different kind,' I answered. 'Laura's brain is working all day, and yet not a particle of brain food did she have this morning; but instead, food that requires vigorous exercise in the open air, properly to digest, granted that the person who eats it has perfect digestion, to begin with. If Laura were my daughter, she should have for her breakfast a generous plate of cereal, wheat, oatmeal or wheat biscuit, graham or oatmeal bread, eggs in some form, and a glass of milk. I will venture to say that a few weeks of this diet would banish Laura's headaches, unless her system is very much disordered. With food of this kind, the brain can do a great amount of work without the danger signal of a headache. Try it, Gertrude, and see how it will work.'

My friend thanked me, and promised to do so.

How many mothers are worrying in the same way over their children's health, never realizing that the food they are giving them from day to day, is laying the foundation for a long, vigorous, and healthy life, or enfeebling the powers God has given them for an otherwise useful career.

Is the subject not worthy of a little judicious thought, nay, is it not deserving of some intelligent study on the part of mothers, to inform themselves upon one of the most vital questions of the present day—the health of their children? To see that they have the proper amount of properly cooked food, at proper seasons, and that sufficient time is given to thoroughly masticate and hence to properly digest the same.

Over eating of unsuitable food causes more headache among growing children, than parents are aware of, and at the same time, it weakens them both mentally and physically, now, and for all time to come.

'Are you going to make candy?'

I was making an unceremonious morning call, and the molasses boiling up so cheerfully upon the kitchen stove, gave rise to my query.

'Oh, no,' was the reply; 'I am going to make cookies.'

Boiling molasses for cookies seemed to me as unnecessary as to boil sugar for cake, and I told my friend so.

'Perhaps it is somewhat unnecessary,' she replied, 'but mother always did it; she used to say that it takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it more like sugar. She always boiled and skimmed her molasses, and so I always boil and skim mine.'

My call was prolonged until the cookies were baked, for I was desirous of sampling them. As I never tasted any molasses cookies equal to them, of course I became instantly converted to the boiling process, and have always followed my friend's example of boiling and skimming molasses before using it for cooking purposes.

Rhubarb has a much nicer flavor if cut up without peeling. When making it into sauce, less sugar is required if it is not sweetened until it has become cold. An egg greatly improves rhubarb pie, giving it more body.

Cut up a few stalks of rhubarb and pour hot water over them, then drain. This water sweetened makes a very good substitute for lemonade.

Sift two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two coffee cupfuls of flour, add a little salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one beaten egg, and a cupful of sweet milk. Bake in muffin rings, or a gem pan.

Rhubarb Recipes.

Rhubarb Shape.—Stew about two pounds of rhubarb—which should be bright-colored and tender—and pulp through a sieve. To three teacupfuls of this pulp allow two ounces of cornflour blended in a teacupful of cold water. Mix smoothly, boil for a few minutes, and pour into a wetted mould. Turn out when cold, and serve with custard sauce or cream.

Rhubarb Fool is also simple and inexpensive. Stew one pound of rhubarb with plenty of flavoring, and bruise till free from lumps, but not pulpy. Make a custard with one breakfastcupful of milk, one teaspoonful cornflour, one ounce of sugar, a nut of butter, pinch of salt, and one egg. Still over the fire till it thickens—it must not boil. Mix with the rhubarb and serve in a glass dish—warm or cold as preferred.

Rhubarb Sherbet is exceedingly wholesome and economical. Used with barley water, it forms an invaluable drink for an invalid. Wash and dry in a cloth, but do not pare, two pounds juicy red rhubarb. Cut up roughly and boil in two pints water for fifteen minutes, along with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, or if that flavor is disliked, a few cloves and bit of stick cinnamon. Add three or four ounces sugar, and when dissolved, strain. Ready for use when cool.

Rhubarb, Gooseberry, or Fig Pudding.—One pound figs, (or rhubarb or gooseberries), quarter of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of flour, a little sugar. Mix to a paste, line a greased mould, add fruit, cover in the top with paste, tie in a cloth, boil two hours.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the American Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 758,786, Archer T. Shearer, Vancouver, B.C., perambulator; 758,876, Pierre Trepanier, Burlington, Vt., bristle combing machine; 759,271, James T. Griffith, Lachute Mills, Que., carding machine attachment; 759,473, Esdras Rousseau, Montreal, Que., water closet; 759,919, George F. Rooney, Leicester, Eng., trouser presses; 760,006, William H. Little, McKellar, Ont., dust guard; 760,425, Anthony O. Connor, Lombardy, Ont., potato digger.

Selected Recipes.

Fruit Tapioca Pudding.—Tapioca cooked to the consistency of jelly can be made into a delicate and delicious dessert by the addition of fruit jelly or pulp and fresh cranberries. To make a sufficient quantity for eight persons, soak one cupful of pearl tapioca over night. In the morning pour off the water, add one pint of boiling water and cook slowly until it is perfectly clear and transparent. If jelly or jam is used, strain through a sieve and add three cupfuls to the tapioca, sweeten to taste, and turn into a mold. Serve cold with whipped cream. If cranberries are used cook until they are reduced to a pulp, strain, add three cupfuls to the tapioca and proceed as directed.—Washington 'Star.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'